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The Weston Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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Doubtful John.

Now John, it is an honest name,
As very well you know;
There's good John Smith, and good John Brown,
And small Johns in a row.
But there's one John we temperance folks
Have put our ban upon—
A sly, suspicious kind of elf—
And that is demi-John.

"I'm sure it might contain, dear sir,
Good vinegar," say you.
"Or water from the fountains pure,
Or running stream;" that's true;
But who'd believe your word, I pray,
While you was trudging on,
With no companions at your side
Except a demi-John?

This John has a capacious mouth,
So very deep and wide,
He often swallows fortunes up
Before he's satisfied.
These, boys, I tell you what it is,
My word depend upon,
You'd better not be introduced
To doubtful demi-John.

THE SWEEP'S STORY.

"Svi-thee-eep! Svi-thee-eep!" Don't sound much like sweep? No, it don't; but then one has to have one's regular cry, as folks may know us by. Why, listen to any of them in the morning about the street, and who'd think it was cresses as this one was a-hollering, or Yarmouth bloaters that one; or that "Yow-hoo!" meant new milk? It ain't what we say—it's the sound of our voices. Don't the servant gals as hears us of a morning know what it means well enough when the bell rings, and them sleepy abed? Oh, no, not at all. But there's no mussy for 'em, and we jangles away at the bell, and hollers a good 'un till they lets us in; for, you see, it comes nat'ral when you're obliged to be up yourself and out in the cold, to not like other folks to be muggling it in bed.

But, then, it's one's work, you know, and I dunno whether it was that or the sutt as give me this here hoarse voice, which nothing clears now—most likely it was the sutt. How times are altered, though, since I was a boy! That there climbing-boy act o' Parlyment made a reg'lar revolution in our business, and now here we goes with this here bundle o' canes, with a round brush at the end, like a great, long, screw fishing-rod, you know, all in jynts, and made of the best Malacky cane, so as to go into all the inns and outs, and bend about anywhere, till it's right above the pot, and bending and swinging down. But they're poor things, bless you, and don't sweep a chimbley half like a boy used. You never heers the rattle of a brush at the top of a chimbly-pot now, and the boy boy giving his "Hillo—hallo—hullo—o-o-o!" to show as he'd not been shamming and skulking half-way up the flue. Why, that was one of the cheery sounds as you used to hear early in the mornin', when you was tucked up warm in bed; for there was always somebody's chimbley a-being swept.

Puts me in mind again of when I was a little bit of a fellow, and at home with mother, as I can recollect with a nice, pleasant face, and a widder's cap round it. Hard pushed, poor thing, when she took me to Joe Barkby, the chimney-sweep, as said he'd teach me the trade if she liked. And there was I, shivering along side of her one morning, when she was obliged to take me to Joe; and we got there to find him sitting over his brexfass, and he arst mother to have some. But her heart was too full, poor thing, and she wouldn't, and was going away, and Joe sent me to the door to let her out; and that's one of the things as I shall never forget—no, not if I lives to be a hundred—my poor mother's sad, weary face, and the longing look she gave me when we'd said "Good bye," and I was going to shut the door after her—such a sad, looking look, as if she could have caught me up and run off with me. I saw it as she stood on the step, and me with the door in my hand—that there green door, with a bright brass knocker, and brass plate with "Barkby, Chimney-sweep," on it. There was tears in her eyes, too; and I felt so miserable myself I didn't know what to do as I stood watching her; and she came and give me one more kiss, saying, "God bless you!" and then I shut the door a little more and a little more, till I could see the same sad look through quite a little crack; and then it was close shut, and I was wiping my eyes with my knuckles.

Ah! I have often thought since as I shut the door a deal too soon; but I was too young to know all as that poor thing must have suffered.

Barkby want a bad sort; but then, what can you expect from a sweep? He didn't behave so very bad to us little chummies; but there it was—up at four, and traps through the cold, dark streets, hot or cold, wet or dry; and then stand shivering till you could wake up the servants—an hour, perhaps, sometimes. Then in you went to the cold, miserable house, with the carpets all up, or p'raps you had to wait no one knows how long while the gal was yawning, and knick-knick-knicking with a flint and steel over a tinder-box, and then blowing the spark till you could get a brimstone match alight. Then there was the forks to get for us to stick the black cloth in front of the fireplace, and then there was one's brush, and the black cap to pull down over one's face, pass under the cloth, and begin swarming up the chimney all in the dark.

It was very trying to a little bit of a chap of ten years old, you know, quite fresh to the job; and though Barkby gave me lots of encouragement, without being too chuff, it seemed awful as soon as I got hold of the bars, which was quite warm then, and begun feeling my way, hot, and smothery, and sneezy in my cap, till I got my head such a pelt against some of the brickwork that I began to cry; for this was the first high chimbley as I'd been put to. But I chokes it down, as I stood there with my little bare feet all amongst the cinders, and then began to climb.

Every now and then Barkby shoves his head under the cloth, and "Go ahead, boy," he'd say; and I kep on going ahead as fast as I could, for I was afeared on him, though he never spoke very gruff to me; but I had heard him go and cuss awful, and I didn't want to put him out. So there was I, poor little chap—I'm sorry for myself even now, you know—swarming up a little bit at a time, crying away quietly, and rubbing the skin off my poor knees and elbows, while the place felt that hot and stuffy I could hardly breathe, cramped up as I was.

Now, you wouldn't think as any one could see in the dark, with their eyes close shut, and a thick cap over their face, pulled right down to keep the sutt from getting up their nose—you wouldn't think any one could see anything there; but I could, quite plain; and what do you think it was? Why, my mother's face, looking at me so sad, and sweet, and smiling, through her tears, that it made me give quite a choking sob every now and then, for I was new at climbing, and this was a long chimbley, from the housekeeper's room of a great house, right from underground, to the top.

Sometimes I'd stop and have a cry, for I'd feel beat out, and the face as had cheered me on was gone; but then I'd hear Barkby's choky voice come muttering up the floo, same as I've shouted to lots o boys in my time, "Go ahead, boy!" and I'd go ahead again, though at last I was sobbing and choking as hard as I could, for I kep on thinking as I should never get to the top, and be stuck there always in the chimbley, never to come out no more.

"I won't be a sweep, I won't be a sweep," I says, sobbing and crying; and all the time making up my mind as I'd run away first chance, and go home again; and then, after a good long struggle, I was in the pot, with my head out, then my arms out, and the cap off for the cool wind to blow in my face.

And, ah! how cool and pleasant that first puff of wind was, and how the fear and horror seemed to go away as I climbed out, and stood looking about me; till all at once I started, for there came up out of the pot, buzzing like, Barkby's voice, as he calls out—"Go ahead, boy!"

So then I set to rattling away with my brush-handle, to show as I was out, and then climbs down on to the roof, and begins looking about me. It was just getting daylight, so that I could see my way about; and all seemed so fresh and strange that, with my brush in my hand, I begins to wander over the roofs, climbing up the slates and sliding down t'other side, which was good fun, and bore doing two or three times over. Then I got to a parapet, and leaned looking over into the street, and thinking of what a way it would be to tumble; but so far off being afraid, I got on to the stone coping, and walked along ever so far, till I came to an attic window, where I could peep in and see a man lying asleep, with his mouth half open; then I climbed up another slope and had another slide down, and then another, and another, till I forgot all about my sore knees; and at last sat astride of the highest part, looking about me at the view I had of the tops of houses as far as I could see, for it was getting quite light now.

All at once I turned all of a horrible fright, for I reckelected about Barkby, and felt almost as if he'd got hold of me, and was thrashing me for being so long. I ran to the first chimbley-stack, but that wasn't right; for I knew as the one I came up was atop of a slate sloping roof. Then I ran to another, thinking I should know the one I came out of by the sutt upon it. But they'd all got sutt upon 'em—every chimbley-pot I looked at; and so I hunted about from one to another till I got all in a muddle, and didn't know where I was, nor which pot I'd got out of. Last of all, shaking and trembling, I makes sure as I'd got the right one, and climbing up, I managed, after nearly tumbling off, to get my legs in, when putting down my cap, I let myself down a bit at a time, when leaving go, I slipped with a regular rush goodness knows how far, till I came to a bend in the chimbley, where I stopped short—scraped, and bruised, and trembling, while I felt that confused I couldn't move.

After a bit I came round a little, and, whimpering and crying to myself, I began to feel my way about a bit with my toes, and then got along a little way straight like, when the chimbley took another bend down, and stiffly and slowly I let myself down a little and a little till my feet touched cold iron, and I could get no further. But after thinking a bit, I made out where I was, and that was, standing on the register of a fire-place; so I begins to lift it up with my toes as well as I could, when crash it went down again, and there came such a squealing and screeching as made me begin climbing up again as fast as I could till I reached the bend, where I stopped and had another cry, I felt so miserable; and then I shrunk up and shivered, for there came a roar and a rattle that echoed up the chimbley, while the sutt came falling down in a way that nearly smothered me.

Now, I knew enough to tell myself that the people, being frightened, had fired a gun up the chimbley, while the turn round as it took had saved me from being hurt. So I sat squatted up quite still, and then heard some one shout out, "Hallo!" two or three times, and then, "Puss, puss, puss!" "Ah, that's it, is it?" I thinks; and being a bit of a mimic, I sings out softly, "Miau, miyow," when I could hear voices whispering a bit, and then the register was banged down, as I supposed by the noise.

Only fancy sitting in a bend of the chimbley, shivering with fear and half smothered with heat and sutt, while your breath comes heavy and thick from the cap over your face! Not nice, it ain't; and more than once I've felt a bit sorry for the poor boys as I've sent up chimbleys in my time. But there I was, and I soon began scrambling up again, and worked hard, for the chimbley was wider than the other one. Last of all, I got to the pot, and on the stack, and then again I had a good cry.

Now, when I'd rubbed my eyes again, I had another look round, and felt as if I was at the wrong pot; so I scrambled down, slipped over the slates, and got to a stack in front, when I felt sure I was right, for there was black finger-marks on the red pot; so I got up, slipped my legs in, and taking care this time that I didn't fall, began to lower myself down slowly, though I was all of a twitter to know what Barkby would do to me for being so long. Now I'd slip a little bit, being so sore and rubbed I could hardly step myself; and then I'd manage to let myself down gently; but all as once the chimbley seemed to open so wide, being an old one, I suppose, that I couldn't reach very well with my back and elbows pressed out; so, feeling myself slipping again, I tried to stick my nails in the bricks, at the same time drawing my knees most up to my chin, when down I went perhaps a dozen feet, and then, when there was a bit of a curve, I stuck reg'lar wedged in all of a heap, nose and chin together, knees up against the bricks on one side, and my back against the other, and me not able to move.

For a bit I was so frightened that I never tried to stir; but last of all the horrid fix I was in came upon me like a clap, and there I was, half-choked, dripping with perspiration, and shuddering in every limb, wedged in where all was as dark as Egypt.

After a bit I managed to drag off my cap, thinking that I could then see the daylight through the pot. But no—the chimbley curved about too much, and all was dark as ever; while what puzzled me was, that I couldn't breathe any easier now the cap was off, for it seemed hot, and close, and stifly, though I thought that was through me being so frightened, for I never fancied now but what I was in the right chimbley, and wondered that Barkby didn't shout at me. But all at once there came a terrible creeping fear all over me—a feeling that I've never forgotten, nor never shall as long as I'm a sweep. It was as if the blood in my body had run out and left me weak, and helpless, and faint, for down below I could hear a heavy beat—beat—beat noise, that I knew well enough, and up under me came a rush of hot smoke that nearly suffocated me right off; when I gave such a horrid shriek of fear as I've never forgot neither, for the sound of it frightened me worse. It didn't sound like my voice at all, as I kept on shrieking, and groaning, and crying for help, too frightened to move, though I've often thought since as a little twisting on my part would have set me loose, to try and climb up again. But, bless you, no; I could do nothing but shout and cry for help, with the noise I made sounding hollow and stifly, and the heat and smoke coming up so as to nearly choke me over and over again.

I knew fast enough now that I had come down a chimbley where there had been a clear fire, and now some one had put lumps of coal on, and been breaking them up; and in the fright I was I could do nothing else but shout away until my voice got weak and wiry, and I could do nothing but cough and wheeze for breath.

But I hadn't been crying for nothing, though; for soon I heard some one shout up the chimbley, and then came a deal of poking and noise, and the smoke and heat came curling up by me worse than ever, so that I thought it was all over with me, but at the same time came a whole lot of hot, bad-smelling foam; and then some one knocked at the bricks close by my head, and I heard a buzzing sound, when I gave a hoarse sort of cry, and then felt stupid and half asleep.

By-and-bye there was a terrible knocking and hammering close beside me, getting louder and louder every moment; and yet it didn't seem to matter to me, for I hardly knew what was going on, though the voices came nearer and the noise plainer; and at last I've a bit of recollection of hearing some one say, "Fetch brandy," and I wondered whether they meant Barkby, while I could feel the fresh air coming upon me. Then I seemed to waken up a bit, and see the daylight through a big hole, while there was ever so much broken bricks and mortar between me and the light; and next thing I recollect is lying upon a mattress, with a fine gentleman leaning over me, and holding my hand in his.

"Don't," I says in a whisper; "it's all sutty."

When I see him smile, and he asked me how I was.

"Oh, there ain't no bones broke," I says; "only Barkby, him as some on you called 'Brandy,' 'll half kill me."

"What for?" says another gentleman.

"Why, coming down the wrong chimbley," I says; and then, warming up a bit with my wrongs, "but 'twarn't my fault," I says. "Who could tell t'other from which, when there warn't no numbers nor nothink on 'em, and they was all alike, so as you didn't know which to come down, and him aswearing acause you was so long! Where is he?" I says in a whisper.

One looked at t'other, and there was six or seven people about me; for I was lying on the mattress put on the floor close aside a great hole in the wall, and a heap o' bricks and mortar.

"Who?" says the first gent, who was a doctor.

"Why, Barkby," I says, "my guv'nor, as sent me up number seven's chimbley."

"Oh, he's not here," says some one. "This ain't number seven, this is number ten. Send to seven," he says.

Then they began talking a bit, and I heard something said about "poor boy," and "fearful groans," and "horrid position," and they thought I didn't hear 'em; for I'd got my eyes shut, meaning to sham Abram when Barkby came, for fear he should hurt me. But I needn't have shammed, for I couldn't neither stand nor sit up for a week arter; and I believe, arter all, it's that has had something to do with me being so husky-voiced.

Old Barkby never hit me a stroke; and I believe, arter all, he was sorry for me. But a sweep's is a queer life even now, though afore the act was passed some poor boys was used cruel, and more than one's got stuck in a flue, to be got out dead.

A Knowing Dog.

There was a panic in a Paris street over the conduct of a magnificent retriever in front of the window of a dealer in picture frames. He jumped, yelled, barked, tried to throw himself through the glass; and he was mad, of course. They were about to kill him, but a philosopher interfered. It seemed to him that all those eccentricities of the dog had relation to a portrait in the window. So it proved. All this was joy at sight of the portrait of a lady. That lady lived in Marseilles, and the dog had been stolen from her many months before. Strange chance to find his way home by the picture placed there casually to exhibit the frame.

Interesting Facts in Physiology.

Why do we feel drowsy after eating heartily? Because while the stomach is in action a great proportion of the blood is drawn toward it, and as the blood is withdrawn from other parts of the body, they fall into a state of languor.

Why does the milky or nutritious matter separate from the innutritious, upon admixture with bile? Because the bile contains an oily matter which repels the watery milk of nutrition. The pancreatic juice also enters through the same duct with bile. But its precise use is not understood. It is a fluid much like the salivary secretions of the glands of the mouth.

What becomes of the nutrition when it has entered the vessels of the circulation? It is sent through a large vein into the heart, entering that organ on the right side, from which the heart propels it into the lungs, mixed venous blood, and the venous or blue blood is sent into the lungs, taking with it the milk, the formation of which we have traced.

How is food digested in the stomach? It enters the stomach in the form of paste, produced by the action of the mouth; and directly the food enters, the gastric juice, which is formed by glands embedded in the coats of the stomach, trickles down the sides. This is a more powerful solvent than the salivary juice; it is like the same kind of fluid, only much stronger, and it soon turns the food from a rough and crude paste into a grayish cream (chyme). The cream is passed toward the door which leads outward from the stomach (pylorus); but if, in the midst of the cream, there are any undissolved particles of food, it closes upon them and they return again to the stomach to be further changed.

How is the nutrition taken away from the bilious residue? The muscular threads (or bands, as we figuratively call them), called the alimentary canal or bowels. This canal is some thirty feet in length, and is folded in various layers across the abdomen, and tied to the edge of a sort of apron, which is gathered up and fastened to the backbone. All along this alimentary canal those muscular bands are pushing the digested mass along. But on the coat or surface of the canal there are millions of little vessels called lacteals, which look for the minute globules of milk as the pass and absorb them. There is an immense number of the little vessels, all busily at work picking up food for the system.

A Cold Winter Years Ago.

The winter of 1841 was famous throughout New England as being much colder than any which had preceded it. Probably no year since could furnish testimony for cold either so intense or protracted. The snow, which covered the whole country as early as the 13th of November, was still found the next April covering the fences. The Boston *Post Boy*, for January 12, reports a tent on the Charles river for the entertainment of travelers. The Boston *News Letter*, for March 6, tells us that "people ride every day from Stamford, Conn., to Long Island, which is three leagues." Even as far east as New London, we are told that "the ice extended into the Sound as far as could be seen from the town;" and that "Fisher's Island was united to the mainland by a solid bed." On March 23, the Boston *News Letter* reports that the people living on Thompson's Island had crossed over to Dorchester to church on the ice for the fifteen preceding Sundays.

As late as the 9th of July a letter from New London, Conn., reports on the east side of the Connecticut river a body of ice as large as two carts can draw, clear and solid, and adds very artlessly that "it might lay there a month longer were it not that so many resort out of curiosity to drink punch made out of it." On the 17th of July snow was still lying in a mass in the town of Ipswich, Mass., nearly four feet thick.

But the most marvelous record of that season is the statement made by Alonzo Lewis, author of "The Annals of Lynn, Mass.," that "Francis Lewis, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, drove his horse from New York to Barnstable, the whole length of Long Island Sound, on the ice."

A Very Natural Mistake.

Max Adeler offers this: Always cork up your catsup bottles tightly. Going out on the steam cars the other day, we observed a man place a bottle of tomato catsup, neck downward, in the rack above his seat. Presently a friend came in, and in a few moments the friend, who was cleaning his nails with a knife, introduced the subject of a third term for Grant. The discussion gradually became warm, and as the excitement increased the man with the knife gesticulated violently with the hand containing the weapon, as he explained his views on the question. Meantime the cork jolted out of the bottle overhead, and the catsup dropped down over the owner's head and coat and collar without his perceiving the fact. Directly a nervous old lady on the opposite seat, who caught sight of the red stain, and imagined it was blood, instantly began to scream "murder" at the top of her voice. As the passengers, conductors, and brakemen rushed up, she brandished her umbrella wildly, and exclaimed: "Arrest that man there! Arrest that willin! I see him do it. I see him stab that other one with his knife till the blood spurted out. Oh, you wretch! Oh, you willinous rascal, to take human life in that scandalous manner, I see you punch him with the knife, you butcher, you! and I'll swear it agin you in court, too, you awdacious rascal!" They took her into the rear car and soothed her, while the victim wiped the catsup off his coat. But that venerable old woman will go down to the silent grave with the conviction that she witnessed in those cars one of the most awful and sanguinary encounters that has occurred since the affair between Cain and Abel.

The county of De Kalb, Ill., voted thirteen years ago, through its supervisors, a bounty of $100 to each volunteer in the Eighth Illinois cavalry, and paid $65 to each of eight hundred and forty men. The survivors and heirs of these have now brought suit for "back pay" with interest, and, should they win, the county will be forced to pay claims amounting to $50,000.

HOUSES ON FIRE.

A Few Hints for those who Lose their Presence of Mind at a Fire.

The burning of a tenement-house in this city, says the New York *Times*, furnished a striking example of the manner in which ordinarily courageous people lose all their presence of mind when in danger of death by fire. We have all heard the story of the woman who, finding herself cut off from hope of escape from a house in flames, threw her baby out of a fourth-story window, and carefully lowered the pet kitten to the ground with a rope made of blankets. It is recorded also that a clergyman in a country town, awaking in the middle of the night to find his church half burned down, risked his life in heroic efforts to save the lightning-rod, quite forgetting that there was much more valuable property to be extricated from the general ruin. When the great fires occurred in Chicago and Boston, hundreds of persons seemed so completely to lose control of their senses that they would have rushed into the flames had they not been kept back. The "night of fires" in Paris in 1871, when the torch of the incendiary was applied in a hundred streets at once, drove many persons out of their senses. The horrors of the terrible catastrophe of Fall River, still fresh in the minds of our readers, were largely due to the temporary madness which fell upon the operatives who, in their haste to escape from what they feared was one impending death, rushed headlong upon another. People who would display great firmness and bravery in the midst of peril by water, or amid the terrors of a railroad accident, are powerless to save even themselves, not to speak of others, in presence of flames.

In the recent disaster in this city, two children lost their lives by suffocation. Their father and mother, with a third child, occupying an adjoining room, awoke to find everything enveloped in smoke, and at once ran out of doors. A moment's reflection would have convinced the hapless father that he should have aroused the other children, and that all should have left the house together. But he seems to have lost all recollection of them until he had been in the street for some time, when, suddenly aroused to a sense of their danger, he bravely rushed into the flames in search of them. His efforts to reach them were vain, and he would have lost his own life had not the policemen and firemen taken courageous risks in going after him, and dragging him back to the fresh air. All other occupants of the house, on the floors above this unfortunate family, were saved, although they did not awake until almost surrounded by the flames, which burst up through the planks beneath them. While the fire was in progress, half-dressed people, who had escaped, refused to take shelter, despite the intense cold, and were with the greatest difficulty restrained from rushing into the smoke and fire, and miserably perishing there. The same lack of presence of mind, the same apparent insanity when danger is near, was displayed at the burning of the weaving factory in Brooklyn. Fire, which broke out among a quantity of waste jute in the cellar of the factory, spread rapidly to the upper stories, cutting off flight by the stairways for some seventy work girls. A panic ensued, and there was danger of a repetition of the Fall River calamity, when some one discovered that escape was possible by jumping to the roof of an extension, which was not more than six feet from the windows of the second story.

Even this easy means of exit did not serve, however, to lessen the panic, and many of the girls were severely cut and bruised in their frantic efforts to get out at the windows. Those who remained calm and obeyed the firemen were rescued without the slightest injuries.

An ounce of prevention is, of course, worth a pound of cure, and it would naturally be much wiser to avoid recklessness in heating houses, even when the weather is unusually cold, than to drill for action in case of a sudden calamity. The large number of destructive fires during the past few days has doubtless been in some measure due to the cold weather. Overheated stoves placed too near thin and combustible walls, are the causes of many so-called "mysterious conflagrations." It is impossible to secure proper caution among the numerous inmates of crowded tenement houses, or great blocks in which various shops and factories are situated. The "trial by fire" is one which may come to all with hardly a moment's warning, and which demands coolness and instant action. The chances are in at least ninety cases in one hundred in favor of the escape of those who are in a burning building, if they do not frantically rush into, rather than away from, the danger.

Wanted the Law.

A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is 't squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gi' me information as well as t' squeer, as ye're his wife." The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Spoaze ye were an old white mear, an' I should borry ye to gwang to mill with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backward, and break yer darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case, advice would be superfluous.

FROZEN IN HIS SEAT.—The Denver *News*, to show how cold it gets in Colorado, says: There was no more than the customary stir at Las Vegas, the other day, when the stage-coach, with four passengers inside and a corpse for a driver, came tearing into town. The driver, though frozen dead, was sitting bolt upright, with an awful grimness of face and a death-grip on the lines.

"Why don't you hold up your head in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "see that field of grain. The well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."

MARRIED LIFE.

Its Jars and its Troubles—A Bit of Advice from a Supreme Court Judge.

In denying the preliminary application of a wife to enable her to bring a suit for divorce against her husband, Judge Donohue, of the New York Supreme Court, gave some very sound advice to married people who are troubled with "incompatibility of temperament." The case, whose abrupt termination afforded the occasion for these remarks, appears to have been a very frivolous one. The "cruel and inhuman treatment" complained of by the wife seems to have mainly consisted of occasional exhibitions of boorishness on the part of the husband. On one occasion he was bored with her piano playing, and attempted to summarily stop the annoyance by closing the lid of the instrument. His wife resisted, and got her fingers pinched. At another time he refused to budge from the two chairs he occupied before the window to enable her to remove some pet birds which were hanging outside. A third specification related to the violent ringing of the door bell at night by the defendant. Acts like these were the head and front of the husband's offending, and yet they were deemed sufficient to warrant a demand for alimony and an allowance for counsel fees, to enable the wife to prosecute a suit for divorce from bed and board.

There seems to have been evidence enough in the case to secure a verdict from any female jury that the husband had behaved like a "brute." But then, had his wife's temper and conduct no share in making him so? It was very wrong to close the piano on his wife's fingers, but was it quite right to insist on compelling a man to listen to music that he did not want? Is it wise to make a man's home so disagreeable that he must either seek quiet and repose outside of it, or resort to force to secure them inside? As to the pet-bird episode, it would be interesting to hear in what kind of tone the wife asked her husband to sit on one side; and before condemning without reserve that morose and surly person, it might be only fair to give him some credit for a dim feeling of regret that the woman he had courted in days gone by had love to spare for her canaries, but none for him. Again, why should a wife's nerves be jarred by her husband's ring at the door-bell, even if were late at night? There are women who find more melody in that sound than is contained in all the seven-octaves of their pianofortes, or all the artless trills of their pet canaries. Was it not partly her own fault that the plaintiff in this case found the midnight ring so disagreeable to her nerves?

We submit these points less with reference to the litigant Thompsons than to the scores of married couples whose "difficulties" are fairly illustrated by the complaint in the case in question. The old-fashioned theory of mutual obligation in the marriage relation is a good deal lost sight of in these days. Men are too apt to carry their business faces and their business thoughts home with them, and so bring nothing but coldness, hardness, and reserve to the society of wife and children. On the other hand, women are not ready enough to make allowance for the wear and tear of our commercial life upon the nerves and temper of the man who has to bear the brunt of the struggle. It is to a very large extent for their wives' and children's sakes that men are tempted to overtax their energies, and to make themselves prematurely old, in the endeavor to get rich or to maintain a certain social position. There are many things that cloud a man's brow and sour his temper, about which he cannot take his wife into his confidence. She would probably not understand them if he did, and the attempt to translate these troubles into definite speech is to many men a more acute pain than to simply endure them. Women may have noticed the fact that the boiling kettle continues to bubble for a little after it has been lifted from the fire. In the same way the active brain of the hard-worked professional or business man will, in spite of himself, run on the affairs of his office after he has come within the precincts of home. A wise wife will make allowance for the occasional gruffness whose source she cannot understand, and will make it her business to smooth out the hard lines of the troubled face, and gently to allow the soothing influence of a pleasant home to work its gradual but certain cure.

Of course, deeper than all faults of heedlessness or want of heart is the radical moral error of forgetting what the marriage covenant is. As Judge Donohue reminded the sensitive Mrs. Thompson, people take in marriage "certain duties on themselves, and undertake to bear the infirmities of humanity which each possesses." Whether "for better or for worse, for richer or poorer," is expressly convenanted or not, the conditions are distinctly understood, and married people are as obviously bound to accommodate their tastes and tempers to each other as they are to respect the inviolability of their neighbor's property. They have no right to subject their children, if they have any, to the demoralizing influences of a contentious home, or to the shame inseparable from a broken marriage bond. They have just as little right to weaken the tie which holds society together by treating the marriage vow as a thing terminable at the caprice or the vindictive impulse of either of the parties to it. There has been a great deal too much twaddle talked and published about the sentimental side of this question. On the stage, in the court of justice, in the church, even, we have had too many exposures of the morbid anatomy of the minds of vain or vicious people, who chafe under the ties of matrimony. It is about time that the simple and imperative duty of married men and women should be a little more insisted on, and as a contribution to what is in danger of becoming a rather scanty department of literature, we commend Judge Donohue's brief remarks to public attention.

During a recent revolution at La Paz-Bollvia, the troops all got drunk, and went through the streets firing at run, dom, right and left. Several young gentlemen were killed in their houses and a young lady was shot through the lungs. Every house closed its doors, and such a state of terror was never before seen in the city.

Items of Interest.

It is easier to live within an income than without one.

It is said that fewer Americans are in Paris this winter than for many years past.

"An infallible cure for consumption"—That's what a French doctor says of the meal of our Indian corn.

Advertising pays. A Dubuque, Iowa, man who advertises largely was thereby discovered by a wife whom he deserted years ago.

The only way some people can keep their names untarnished is to make Bridget spend about half her time scouring the door plate.

At the Rancho de los Laureles in Texas, a wealthy stock raiser, at his annual branding of calves, stamped his mark on 16,000 head.

An Ohio stoneworker recently died, and his lungs were found to contain numerous pebble-like concretions of particles of Bera stone.

Mt. St. Elias, which, from actual measurement, is now stated to be the highest peak on the American continent, exceeds 10,000 feet in height.

A Western paper has discovered that "some change seems necessary in the collection of taxes." The same thing holds good in payment of them.

Herr Driesbach, once so well known as a lion tamer, has sold his farm at Wooster, Ohio, and has gone to hotel keeping at a little railroad station.

The centennial of Ethan Allen's capture of Ticonderoga is to be celebrated by the citizens of northeastern New York and Vermont. The anniversary is May 10.

Being consonant with each other, John Pulaaksoboiskwinchinaki and Julia Soloskiminniewinnichiski were married at South Bend, Indiana, last week.

Tobacco chewing has one advantage, especially where the man is much in the house and spits freely upon the carpets—those carpets will never be moth eaten.

A Minnesota Dogberry has decided that stealing rails from a fence is not stealing at all; that a fence is a part of the reality, and real estate cannot be stolen.

They have determined by experiments in France that trees are killed with great rapidity by very small portions of common gas escaping from the pipes and affecting the soil.

A lady recently sent a fur cap to a fur establishment for some repairs. She explained her wishes in the following note: "I wan't mi kape mendid whar the mises nored it in gud shiip."

More people have been frozen to death this winter in the United States than are likely to be struck by lightning this year. Twenty deaths from cold are reported from Kansas alone.

Mr. Mitchell, of Sterling, Ill., while under the influence of intoxicating liquors, attempted burglary and was fatally shot. Mrs. Mitchell, has since compelled each of three saloon keepers, who sold him the liquor to pay her $500 damages.

There is nothing like testing an apparatus to see if it works well. A New York boat builder constructed a man-trap for thieves out of a brace of pistols, and while fooling about it inserted two or three pounds of shots and slugs into his legs. He knows it's a good contrivance now.

Railroad traveling in Massachusetts must be regarded as wonderfully safe, if we are to rely on the published statement that out of 42,000,000 passengers carried over the railways of that State in 1874 only one person was killed and seven injured, except by personal carelessness.

Under the terms of a bill introduced into the Wisconsin Senate the parties to bribery at elections or at political conventions may suffer a penalty of five hundred dollars fine, one year's imprisonment and disfranchisement and disqualification for office for a period of ten years.

The tenant farmers of England are assessed for income tax upon a basis of £60,000,000 per annum, and the entire rental value of agricultural land is about £140,000,000. The capital represented by the agricultural interest is over £800,000,000, a sum exceeding the British national debt.

A log of wood containing a sealed bottle has just been picked up at Havre, France. It was one of several thrown overboard from the Prince Napoleon, in its Arctic expedition, to test the force of currents. The writing it contained was perfectly legible, although the log had been drifting since 1860.

Heavy damages are sometimes recovered against railway companies in England. Not long since a seed merchant, named Maldeh, got a verdict against the Great Northern railway for $40,000 damages for injuries inflicted in a collison. A motion was made the other day for a new trial on the ground that the damages were excessive, but the Court of Queen's Bench, sitting in banc, expressing the opinion that the company should pay a large sum, it was agreed to give the plaintiff a check for $25,000.

The Crops.

The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the United States for January states that the aggregate crop of wheat is larger than ever before, exceeding 300,000,000 bushels. Rye, ninety-eight per cent. of last year's crop; products, 14,891,000 bushels. Oats—product, 240,000,000 bushels, a decline of nearly 30,000,000 bushels. Potatoes, 106,000,000 bushels, about the same as 1873. Hay product, 25,500,000 tons—an increase of 500,000 tons. Buckwheat, same as last year, 9,000,000 bushels. In comparison of prices of farm products for the last seven years, corn is taken as an example, and production and prices thus stated: In 1868, 906,000,000 bushels, valued at sixty-two cents per bushel; 1869, 874,000,000 bushels, seventy-five cents; 1870, 1,094,000,050 bushels, fifty-four cents; 1871, 991,000,000 bushels, forty-eight cents; 1872, 1,092,000,000 bushels, thirty-nine cents; 1873, 932,000,000 bushels, forty-eight cents; 1874, 854,000 bushels, sixty-five cents.